



CHAPTER ZERO  
[CONTINUOUS]



EVEN SINCE THE PARTHOSIS SACKED TOWER OF THE EAST OFFICIALLY INADMITTED THE "CHURCH OF THE APOCALYPTIC VOICE" WHO WORSHIP A COMPUTERIZED GOD AS THEIR ONLY DEITY, THE EAST AND THE WEST HAS CONSIDERED EACH OTHER'S BELIEFS AS HERESIES, AND THE COLD WAR BETWEEN THE TWO SIDES PERSISTS. IN THE END, WITH THE STATED REASON OF AVENGEING AGAINST THE EAST, WHO HAD BROKEN THE NON-AGGRESSION PACT FIRST AND MADE THEIR ATTACK, THE WEST DECLARED WAR AND THE TWO SIDES BECAME ENTIMED IN THE MUDDY WATER OF REVENGE AND HATRED OF THIS RELIGIOUS WAR -

Get  
on your  
knees,  
Sarah.

Because...  
that's not  
my name...

Don't  
do that,  
please.

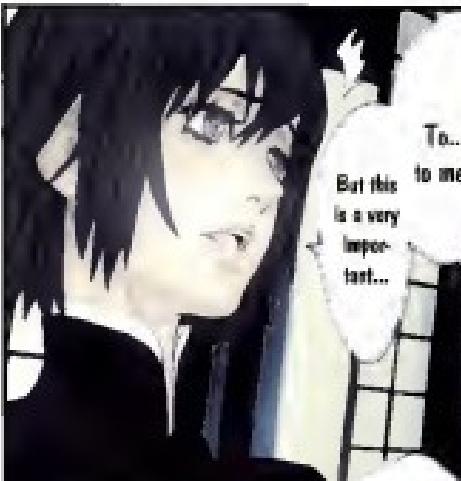
Is  
that  
so?

Fine

It may be  
old, but this  
is a truly  
rare and  
invaluable  
sword.

I'll grant  
you the  
right to  
arms  
now...

AH  
...Let's  
skip those  
arduous  
procedures.

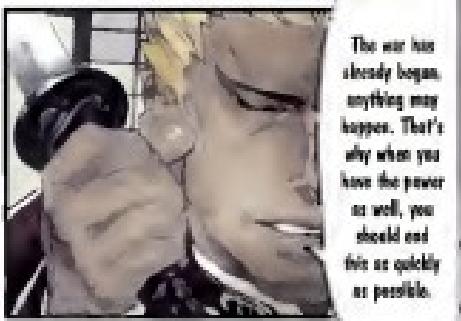


I'll now entrust it to you,

To...  
to me?  
But this  
is a very  
important...



accept it  
from the  
bottom of  
your heart.



The war has  
already begun.  
anything may  
happen. That's  
why when you  
have the power  
as well, you  
should end  
this as quickly  
as possible.



If's  
Yayuu.

I'll let  
you in on a  
secret. The  
candidate for  
the next Matrix  
Minister has  
already been  
decided.

There's no  
way everything  
can just go  
his way  
that easily...  
Let him learn  
his lesson—

I knew  
perfectly well...  
the smile he puts  
on may seem up-  
right and cour-  
teous, but in reality  
he is just lebu-  
mance and cruel.

It's not that  
rare for a  
general like  
the Marsh  
Minister to  
be wielding  
a sword or  
a gun.

Ahh...  
really?  
That's  
why they  
call me a  
lazy bone.

It's  
just as  
you said.

It is  
abominable...

MASTER!

You can't live  
up to the title  
"Phantom  
Swordsmen".

If you keep  
putting on that  
foolish front,  
falling everyone's  
expectations...



200 years in the future G.R. 2050®  
Giordano Bruno - Deserted Church

© 2002 G.R. 2050. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN U.S.A. BY DC.



Whoever gets involved with me will lose their lives...

...Master, what should I do?

In the end... this kind of encounter will just inflict more pain on myself.

Everyone just ended up leaving me...



It fits indeed... How ironic...

Jinxed, huh?

This is a confession room after all. certain actions would seem a little inappropriate here, don't you think?

Mr. Powered Chrysanthemum?

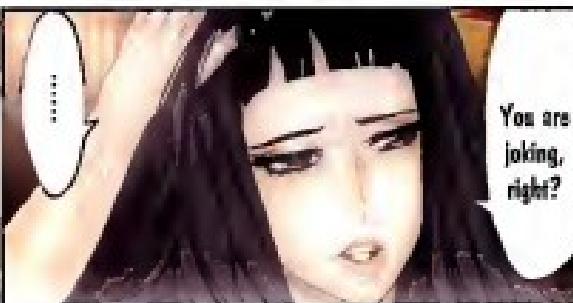


I was really worried...

Change into these clothes later, okay? I'll put them here.

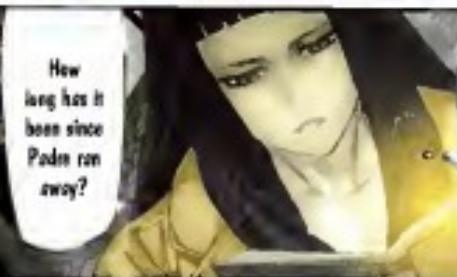
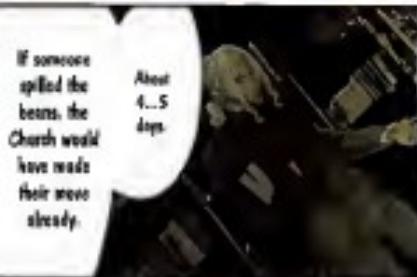


HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA





Oh look

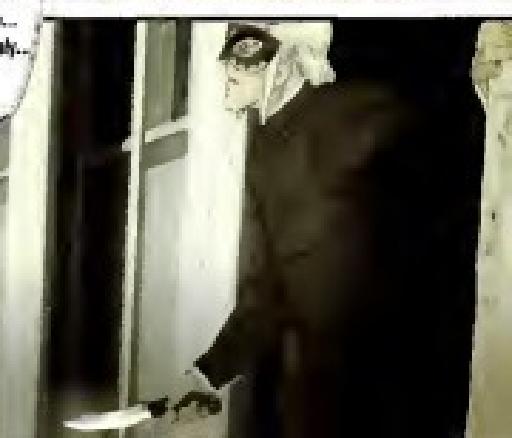
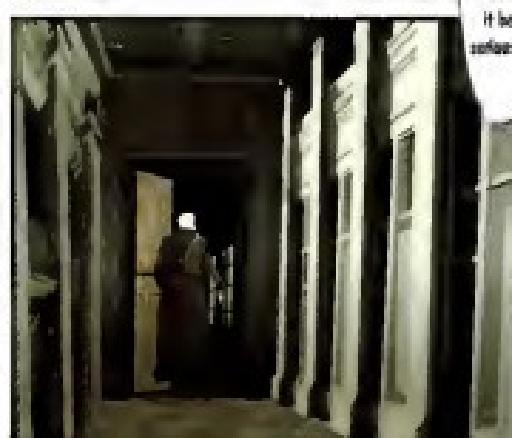


Like that  
kid's dead  
body should  
have been  
dug out by  
now...

Don't  
draw any  
hasty con-  
clusions



Heroes...  
are coming  
from upstairs,  
right?  
Could  
it be...  
certainly...





There  
you...



WHERE  
HAVE YOU  
TAKEN  
PADRE?

YOU WERE  
SENT ME  
THAT WOMAN.  
WASN'T YOU?  
WHAT'S YOUR  
PURPOSE  
HERE,  
SAKU.

FATHER...  
IS AT...  
THE ANCIENT  
RUMS...  
IN EAST...  
DYKE BUREI

MASTER  
SKULL'S  
ORDER...

WE WERE  
ORDERED...  
TO BRING  
YOU BACK...  
EVEN IF...  
IT MEANS  
USING FORCE...



No  
thanks.

Now  
that it  
has come  
to this,

Because~  
that's a  
promise be-  
tween Father  
and me!

I'll take  
out those  
heretics  
with my  
own bare  
hands!

DRIFGSCANS  
PRESENTS

E: FMG  
T: Conie  
P: Nantalah  
Q: Itzrayz